

MULLIGAN GUARDS

The Original Comic Song. By Harrigan & Hart.

We crave your condescension,
And we'll tell you what we know
Of marching in the Mulligan Guards
From the seventh ward below;
And our Captain's name was Hussey—
A Tipperary man—
He carried his sword like the Russian Duke
Whenever he took command.

CHORUS.

We shouldered guns,
And marched, and marched away
From Jackson Street,
Way up to Avenue A,
Drums and fifes did sweetly, sweetly play,
As we marched, marched in the Mulligan Guards.

When the band played Garryowen or the
Connemarro pet,
With the Rub, dub, dub, we marched in the mud
To the military step—
With the green above the red boys,
To show where we came from;
Our guns we'd lift,
With the right shoulder shift,
As we marched to the beat of the drum.

We shoulder'd, &c.

When we'd get home at night, boys,
The devil a wink we'd sleep;
We'd all set up and drink a sup
Of Whisky, strong and neat,
Then we'd all march home together
As slippery as lard,
The solid men would all fall in,
And march in the Mulligan Guard.